

Fire

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Summary: Hiccup had always wanted to be something more than he was. Little did he know, he was about to find the fire that would remake him. Make him better than he was. And he would do the same thing for her. (One-shot)

Fire

**One-shot. Might consider doing a second, if I get enough reviews. Anyway, really quick one-shot, probably done in about a couple minutes. Anyway, DISCLAIMER: I do not own Brave or HoTD

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Fire

Ever since he was little, Hiccup had never been afraid of fire. It kind of lured him in with the way it flickered and moved. It burned those who dared come close, but sometimes when Hiccup would sometimes, as a dare, run his hands through fire, they didn't burn him. Well, they did slightly, but not seriously. And whenever Hiccup stared at the fire for a while and looked away, it was always branded on his eyelids, as if taunting him whenever he closed his eyes. Fire was beautiful, it was elegant, it was dangerous.

~~~~~Line  
Break~~~~~

When he got his job at the blacksmith, he found a whole new appreciation for fire. It melted even the most stubborn of metals and stone and remade them into something a whole lot useful. In a way, Hiccup was looking for his own fire to remake him, to turn him into something better, something a whole lot more useful than this toothpick.

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Then the dragons came. And he was taught that fire was destructive. It was greedy. It ate everything up and left nothing left. He was taught the hard way when his father had gone to fight dragons and he was stuck inside. A Monstrous Nightmare had landed on the roof and started to set the house on fire, searching them for the missing sheep. Hiccup remembered it very clearly, the suffocating smoke, the unbearable heat and the brightness that seared his eyes and hair. Now a long burn that covered his leg up to the bottom part of his thigh was a lesson. Fire was dangerous. It was nothing but a tool of destruction.

For a while, Hiccup treated fire with a caution, like a beautiful beast that should be reckoned. But deep inside of him, even if he didn't know it, he still nursed the hope that one day, he would find his fire. The one thing that would make him more than what he was. That would make him feel complete.

Line Break~~~~~

When he flew with the wind ruffling through his brown hair, not even caring that he wasn't looking at his cheat sheet or even that he could crash into the jagged cliffs, he felt the need to get free. To get away from these oppressing cliffs. Then there was blue skies and bright waves all around. Hiccup thought he found his fire. Toothless. Because of Toothless, he managed to end thousands of years of hatred between the Vikings and him and the dragons. But inside of him, Hiccup knew that he was just fooling himself. Toothless was part of the fire, not the entire part of it.

~~~~~Line  
Break~~~~~

Everything hurt, every muscle in his body felt like it was being set on fire. It just hurt to open his eyes. For a while he just laid there, hurting, struggling to remember. Then it all came back, the storm that had hurled him and Toothless to the foreign land that seemed so opposing and dark compared to the light forest from home. Everything sounded and felt foreign here, the way that the dark morning mist clung to his skin and how there was no birds chirping like there was back at home. It was dark and silent. All of a sudden he heard the sudden nickering of a horse and a gasp. Hiccup was too exhausted to even open his eyes. He felt something warm pressed against his chest, and little pieces of something silky fell on his face.

"Angus, God, he's alive?" he heard a voice gasp.

All of a sudden, he heard a scuffle.

"Open yer eyes. I know yer alive" said a voice, definitely a girl's voice, light and hinted with a foreign accent.

He felt a sudden pain in his side, and a dull throbbing started beginning where he felt the pain.

"Open them eyes now!" she said again, now with an edge of menace

added to it.

Hiccup forced his eyes open and the sight he saw was beautiful. It was a girl, but it looked more like an angel. She had creamy white skin with a slight splash of freckles on her nose. She had a round face. He couldn't tell her hair color because it was blocked by a dark hood. She had a slender frame and she wore a dark blue cloak that looked more like it was torn then stitched together. But what held Hiccup were her eyes. They were a bright blue-green. He just seemed paralyzed by them. But while he was busy wondering about her eyes, he missed the fact that she was holding a bow with an arrow less than a foot away from his face.

"What are ye doin' here?" she said, leaning further so that the arrow almost touched his face.

It took a while for Hiccup to focus, to tear from her mesmerizing face to focus on the arrow tip.

"No, don't shoot, please, don't shoot," he said, glancing quickly from the arrow tip to her face.

For a while, her face was like a blank sheet of marble.

"Please, I got lost during a storm. Please, I don't even know where I am. Don't shoot me. Please, please. Just please," Hiccup pleaded.

She just stared at him, trying to figure out if he was telling the truth. Then she lowered her bow, but then she raised it again and fired. The arrow hit solidly at a tree behind Hiccup. He winced at the sound as the girl looked at him sharply.

"Donnae think that I couldnae shoot you? That tree could've been ye," said the girl before stalking off to her horse.

It took a while for Hiccup to gain his senses as he put a hand to his heart, just to make sure that this wasn't an alternate universe and he wasn't dead. Then he weakly stood up, his legs feeling like ice, solid, but ready to snap at any moment.

"Wait, you gotta help me. Please!" Hiccup said, stumbling after her.

He placed a hand on her shoulder. She grabbed his finger and twisted it behind his back. In the process, her hood had fell off, to reveal. Bright red, curly hair. For a moment, it looked like her head was on fire. Fire.

In that painful moment, when his finger joint felt like it was going to get twisted off, Hiccup knew, even though his face was held in a grimace of pain, that he had found his fire. She had burned him at first, and even today, he joked that he still had bruises, burns and scars. But in time, he had tamed her, like he did with Toothless. Even though she wouldn't admit that he had tamed her. There were times when he couldn't even believe that he had found his fire, the one thing that kept him going. There were times when in the back of his head, a little voice in the back of his said that maybe she was the too opposite of him. After all, he was calm and could keep his head during a stressful time. However she outright panicked, tearing

her hair and basically making as much destruction as Toothless when he sees an eel. But whenever he looks at her and sees her smile, or her bright red fiery hair, he forgets all about that. Because he had found his fire. He was finally complete.

End  
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